

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 975

## THE CHRONICLE.

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[If all letters addressed to the editor must be paid to the attention of the editor.  
[If no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor.]

## POETRY.

### NOVEMBER THOUGHTS.

BY LILY MAY.

It is not that my heart is sad  
With thoughts of dear ones far away;  
My soul is not in ashes clad  
This dark November day.  
Within the grate the fire burns bright,  
Shedding its warmth around the room,  
Which charms my spirit, like the light  
Of summer's verdant bloom.

I know the storm beats wild, without,  
I hear the pattering rain-drops fall;  
And yet I feel that I could shout,  
God ruleth over all.

The fire that burns within my breast  
Sheds such a glow around my heart,  
'Till I feel my life truly blest,  
To let it e'er depart.

I'll pray that nothing may destroy  
The hope that makes my being bright,  
And share with friends the earnest joy  
That fills me with delight.

The glow of health is on my brow,  
I feel my pulses bounding free,  
Joy triumphs o'er the present now,  
What shall the future be?

A thrilling whisper, seems to come  
From the deep chambers of my heart;  
Where happiness is found at home,  
Oh let it not depart.

'Tis this that makes the present bright,  
Gives all Earth's joys a pleasing zest;  
If guided by this trusting light,  
The future shall be blest.

Sweet Anna, sister of my soul,  
Thy joys like mine are fondly blest  
E'en with a tide that brooks control,  
Whose force may not be spent.

May each in safety, down that tide,  
Be guided by some gentle hand;  
'Till o'er life's waves we'll softly glide  
On towards the better land.

Such thoughts have I my earnest soul  
With such a deep and holy trust,  
Tremble, when I think the whole  
May crumble into dust.

But let us feed the burning flame  
E'en from the fount that gave it birth,  
So that Eternity may claim  
That transient light of Earth.

Though chilly grows the air without,  
We feel a pleasant glow within;  
Thus life is compass'd all about  
With tempting deeds of sin.

Though now the sky is dark and drear,  
And steady falls the chilling rain,  
We know full well, when all is clear  
The sun will shine again.

Thus may the glow within each breast  
Shed such a light around our way  
We'll ne'er have cause to feel distrust,  
E'en of a rainy day.

Pleasant Valley, Belmont Co., O. Nov. 1855.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)  
ANOTHER SELL—MADNESS, AND A METHOD IN IT.

On Wednesday last, a neatly dressed, very prepossessing, and prettily spoken woman, somewhere between sixteen and twenty-five years of age, drove up to the door of the Insane Hospital, over which Dr. ————, president, and enquired for that gentleman. She was ushered into the reception room, where she awaited the coming of the Doctor with an air of nonchalance which rather fascinated the servant, who looked upon her with eyes of admiration and unfeigned pleasure. When left alone she amused herself—a woman always will—in gratifying her curiosity by inspecting the various articles in the room critically and thoroughly. The Doctor being announced, she received him with one of those bewitching smiles which some women know so well how to bestow, and whose influence no man of feeling can resist. The Doctor, who never had with more than his usual warmth, and soon learned the object of her visit.

She had come, she said, with a genuine, full of melancholy, and a sort of more than womanly tenderness, to ascertain of the Doctor, in person, whether she might secure private quarters for her husband, who was subject to intense fits of aberration of mind, but whose conduct towards her, bitter and cruel as it was, could not alienate her love for him, which was the all-pervading passion of her soul. He had grown so violent of late, that she wished to have him removed from violence to himself as well as to her, and she was the charming creature who, for some months, and if she could make an arrangement with the Doctor, she urged that it should be kept as private as his most secret thoughts, and her husband beyond the scrutiny of visitors.

And then she said her heart would break, she knew it would, and wept bitterly and long.

The Doctor, as all who know his kind and tender heartiness will readily imagine, was not insensible to the touching recital of his visitor, and with that frankness which always characterized him, he promised to comply with her wishes, to give her husband a private apartment and his special care; and also to shield him from the gaze of curiosity seekers who run down public institutions.

The lady was not long in arranging terms; she was not long in expressing her thanks, intermingled with tears; she was not long in settling the details of her husband's confinement; she was not long, in short, in taking her leave. And as she stepped into her carriage, aided by the kind hand of the doctor, she turned her beautiful face towards him, and cast upon him a glance that was full of tenderness and solicitude, and inspired him anew with admiration and pity.

The carriage drove away, the doctor's eyes following, amid the clouds of dust which followed in its wake, until it was entirely lost to view. Down to the bridge, along the crowded thoroughfare, over the pebbled way of Chestnut street, to a fashionable, if not the fashionable, jewelry establishment of our city, the carriage passed, its sweet and solitary inmate gazing out and smiling within, and growing radiant with a thought that requires another paragraph to learn.

She alighted, and glided into the bazaar of gold and silver and precious stones, with all the stateliness of a queen. One or two of the gentlemanly attendants ran to learn her wish. She wanted to select a set of silver ware, not too elaborate in design of workmanship, nor yet too plain, something neat, tasteful and beautiful. The various patterns were shown and a set valued at \$800 was selected by the lady of the stately tread.

She desired the articles put up, a bill made out, and she would settle it. Her wishes were complied with, and the lady took out her elegant port monnaie, but alas! there were but about \$40 in it. She had picked up her wrong port monnaie, she said with bewitching sweetness, and she was vexed at her stupidity. She, however, could arrange it. She was the wife of Dr. ————, the principal physician of the Insane Hospital, and she desired her attendant to accompany her to that place, when she would pay him at once. Who could resist such a request from a beautiful woman—a request spoken as much with the eyes as the voice? Not the clerk certainly.

The two got into the carriage together, and back it whirled to the Hospital. The lady jumped from the carriage, and was warmly greeted by the doctor, who was at the entrance.

"Doctor, this is my husband," said she, with an air at once sweet and sorrowful.

The poor attendant started. He was struck aghast. He could not fathom her meaning.

"What did you say, madam," he stammered, as he best could, "what did you say?"

"Doctor, this is my husband, please take him in charge."

"The devil, madam, I'm not your husband, what do you mean?"

Bursting into tears she sobbed aloud. "It has another name—he has another attack, Oh! Doctor, if you have pity in your soul, secure him, and save yourself and me from violence."

In vain the poor fellow attempted to explain. He was hurried along the corridor and into a room, and confined securely—the woman all the while following close behind weeping as though her heart would break. The Doctor and the lady returned to the reception room, and the latter, after giving the other an outline of the peculiarities of her alleged husband's attacks, together with some directions in reference to the care she desired to have bestowed upon him, she left, promising to come again in a few days. And away whirled the carriage, the silver ware, and the lady; neither of which has been heard of since.

The poor attendant was confined three days before any one about the establishment could be induced to convey a letter to his employer, who, all the time, was suspecting his honesty, and preparing to advertise him in newspapers. Upon the receipt of the letter it did not take them long to discover that they had been sold most brilliantly; and upon their appearance at the hospital, it did not take the Doctor long to discover that he had been sold decidedly; the poor attendant was satisfied, upon his arrival at the hospital, that he had been sold most sorrowfully indeed.

And here, we think we will end the story, which has been talked over in fashionable circles for the past three or four days with many a hearty laugh.

Mrs. SWISHELM ON BABY SHOWS.—Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor having performed the "disagreeable duty" of attending Barnum's Baby Show at Pittsburgh, calls it a very "stupid affair," & expresses her opinion of these exhibitions thus: "The poor dupes of mothers are to be pitied rather than blamed; some of them are deceit, innocent women, who have no definite idea of the light in which they place themselves and at least one nearly idiotic to be accountable. But it is not right that humanity should be degraded thus in these persons, nobody expects, except respect for humanity from Barnum. The parties really to blame for these exhibitions are city authorities who grant licenses, and people of ordinary sense who go to see anything at all, and a crowd of attractions. Ugly, vulgar women and ordinary vulgar-looking children are no great rarity in this great republic, and he who gives a quarter to see them, deserves a part of a donkey's ear. The exhibition is akin to the old model artist shows and when Barnum and Wood visit a city to bring change on the mothers of it by one of these shows, the sense of that city should see them away, just the suburbs on a pair of rails."

## THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

We find in an exchange paper, the following interesting account of Prof. Morse's successful efforts to establish the telegraph—

He now returned to his native land, Europe, and proceeded immediately to Washington, where he renewed his endeavors to procure the passage of the bill granting the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars. Towards the close of the session of 1844, the House of Representatives took it up and passed it by a large majority, and it only remained for the action of the Senate. Its progress through this House, as might be supposed, was watched with the most intense anxiety by Prof. Morse. There were only two days before the close of the session, and it was found on examination of the calendar, no less than one hundred and forty-three bills had precedence of it. Prof. Morse had nearly reached the bottom of his purse, his hard-earned savings were almost spent, and he had been struggling on with undying hope for many years, it is hardly to be wondered at if he felt disheartened now. On the last night of the session, he remained till nine o'clock, and then left without the slightest hope that the bill would be passed. He returned to his hotel, counted his money, and found that he would have seventy-five cents left. That night he went to bed, but not without hope for the future, for though all his difficulties and trials, that never forsake him. The next morning, as he was going to breakfast, one of the waiters informed him that a lady was in the parlor waiting to see him. He went in immediately, and found that the young lady was Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who had been his most steadfast friend while in Washington.

"I come," said she, "to congratulate you."

"For what?" said Prof. Morse.

"On the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Oh, no, you must be mistaken," said he. "I remained in the Senate till a late hour last night, and there was no prospect of its being reached."

"Am I the first then," she exclaimed joyfully, "to tell you?"

"Yes, if it is really so."

"Well," she continued, "after remaining till the adjournment, and heard it passed, and I asked him if I might not run over and tell you."

"Annie," said the Professor, his emotion almost choking his utterance, "Annie, the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore, shall be sent from you."

"Well," she replied, "I will keep you to your word."

While the line was in process of completion, Prof. Morse was in New York, and upon receiving intelligence that it was in working order, he wrote to those in charge telling them not to transmit any message over it till his arrival. He then set out immediately for Washington, and on reaching that city, sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, informing her that he was now ready to fulfill his promise, and asked her what message he should send.

To this he received the following reply—

"What shall I write?"—words that ought to be written in characters of living light. The message was twice repeated, and each time with the greatest success. As soon as the result of the experiment was made known, Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, called upon Prof. Morse and claimed the first message for his State, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. We need scarcely add, that his claim was admitted, and now, engraved in letters of gold, it is displayed conspicuously in the archives of the Historical Society of Connecticut.

MEANS DON'T PAY.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine discourses thus truthfully about littleness in business matters. We wish that certain individuals we know of would read, ponder, and inwardly digest these sensible suggestions:

There is no greater mistake that a business man makes than to be mean in his business. Always taking the half cent for a dollar he has made and is making. Such a policy is very much like the farmer who sows three pecks of seed when he ought to sow five, and as a recompense for the loss of his soul, only gets ten where he ought to have fifteen bushels of grain. Everybody has heard of the proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish." A liberal expenditure in the way of business, is always sure to do a capital investment. There are people in the world who are short-sighted enough to believe that their interests can be best promoted by grasping and clutching to all they can get, and never letting a cent slip through their fingers. As a general thing it will be found, other things being equal, that he who is most liberal, is most successful in business. Of course we do not mean it to be inferred that a man should be prodigal in his expenditures; but that he should show to his customers, if he is a trader, or those whom he may be doing any kind of business with, that in all his transactions, as well as social relations, he acknowledges the everlasting fact that there can be no permanent prosperity or good feeling in a community where benefits are not reciprocal.

A MODEST OFFICIAL.—The Mayor of Milwaukee issued his official proclamation, just before the election, calling on the keepers of Liquor Saloons and Large Beer Halls to close their respective places of business on Thursday, the 8th inst., and go to the polls and vote the straight Democratic ticket.

This name of this pious modesty and of that impartiality is J. B. Gross.

CONTENDING SEAT.—E. F. Brigham the Los Angeles Representative elect from Victoria and Jackson counties, having forgotten to resign his office of Prosecuting Attorney up to the time of his election, he will probably have to leave to stay at home a while longer, as it is not eligible to the seat under the new constitution.

## "I WRITE UNTO YOU, YOUNG MEN."

A few Sundays ago we listened to an excellent discourse to young men, in one of the churches of this city. The lamentable absence of this class of persons from all religious services on the Sabbath, has been a subject to which we have given some attention for years past, and we had the anxiety—if it deserves a better name—to look a-broad, and see how large an audience the preacher had of those to whom the discourse was addressed. The number was exceedingly small, though probably as large as will average in the other churches. And as we sat there, reflecting upon the dangers which threaten our country from this rapidly increasing neglect and abuse of the Sabbath, we thought some day we would preach one of our sermons upon the same subject, believing that after all we have the ear of more of this class, perhaps, than all the ministers in the city put together.

And now young men—who never darken the doors of a church on Sunday, who swagger through the streets with a cigar in your mouth, who swear a little, perhaps a good deal, who drink some rum, and prize yourself on being "one of the boys"—you indulge us with a word in your ear! In a period of years which will seem incredibly short, when you arrive at your majority, your class will compose a very powerful, and it may be, a controlling influence in the management of public affairs. Did you ever think of that?—and if you did, you realize responsibility in the matter! Judging from the present appearance of our churches, when the present generation of men has passed away, the power will be left pretty much to the female portion of the race, if, indeed, they do not imbibe the infidel spirit of the age, and leave them to become houses of merchandise, if not dens of thieves.

The infidelity so prevalent here, is not the infidelity of the intellect, which is becoming too prevalent among scholars of a certain school, but it is not less dangerous. They also neglect the Sabbath and its institutions here, are not those who have thought much. There is the infidelity of indifference and the want of thought—the infidelity that keeps away from all chance of correction, which is not, and cannot be reached, either by the argument or the warning of the pulpit; and its victims still live their allotted time, then drop into dark, hopeless graves and be forgotten, while their spiritual eyes will open upon a world of which they have never thought, and the joys of which they are all unfitted to share.

But there is a cause for alarming outside of consequences, of individuals. In nations where infidelity, whether it be of the intellect or passion, has gained the ascendancy, and the Sabbath and the institutions of religion have fallen into neglect, national ruin has followed. Our institutions are based upon the principles of Christianity, and when they have no place in the hearts of the people, the glorious superstructure will crumble to dust.

It therefore becomes a matter of vital importance, in a national as well as a personal point of view, that all the old and the young alike, stand by the institutions of Christianity, attend on its ministrations, contribute to its support, and open their minds to the reception of its truths. We beg of young men who ever think of anything, to think of the infidelity that is a way of attaining a character which shall give to those who are passing away, an assurance that when the burdens and responsibilities of sustaining our institutions shall fall upon their shoulders they shall be bravely and worthily borne.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

A few nights since there passed through this city, on the railroad, bound for Canada, a family of eight fugitive slaves. One of these—the leading spirit of the whole—was a woman sixty years of age, a bold, courageous, prompt and energetic woman. Two years ago she was living as a slave in the South. She was the mother of six children, all of whom she had seen torn from her arms when old enough to be useful, and sold away from her. One day she overheard her master bargaining with a slaveholder, who desired to purchase for the South, her grandson, a boy of some fifteen years old. Stung to the quick by this design of stripping her of the last of her kindred, she instantly resolved on flight.

The same night she started with her boy for the North. Night after night they traveled by the North star—the only guide the hapless fugitive knows in making for the land of Freedom, and one that deceives him not, since it is fixed in the heavens. After long and painful wanderings they arrived in Canada.

Here this heroic woman bled herself at wages. Two months ago, with purse well filled, she started back to the residence of her old master at the south. Here, alone, she concealed herself in woods and thickets, a fugitive from Freedom—cared not, however, by the trusty souls to whom she revealed the dangerous secret of her presence in the land of bondage. After remaining there some two weeks, she collected a set of her children and a crowd of a set of her own country, through which they passed to the North. She then commenced working on the New York Central Railroad, and was employed as a day laborer. She was very poor, but she was free.

Worn down by the hardships of the journey, and the fatigue of her work, she was unable to do more than to stand and stare at the scene of her old master's residence. She was very poor, but she was free.

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## THE MEANS OF FURTHER PROGRESS.

The word was followed by the deed. All necessary means were instantly provided for their safe transmission to the North, and the train which passed through this city in the night, carried the whole party toward the home of their leader, in Canada, where they have by this time undoubtedly arrived.

We doubt if a similar instance of devotion to friends and kindred is on record. It required a daring mind to even conceive the idea of going back to the scene of bondage, and encountering the hazard of discovery in the lion's den. But nothing short of that heroism which under other circumstances, has made men immortal, was needed to put into execution an enterprise so full of difficulty and danger. Such spirits, if any, not only deserve to be free, but are fitted to enjoy the largest liberty.—*Trenton State Gazette.*

Mr. HENRY A. WISE, whose head would seem to be a little turned by his good fortune last Spring, has been writing another long and indiscreet letter to George Booker of Hampton, Va., intended to show how much he despises Seaward & the Black Republicans, and how little he cares about the Presidency. He says he knows a hundred men he would prefer for next President to himself—but there is much virtue in your "but"—he adds:—

"But if the Democracy can again succeed, and cannot again unite upon a better man than I am, and they will unite upon me, I can only say that I will be a *la mode* Jackson—forever and effectually a Black Republican. I will rule them! But the idea of ruling or not ruling them shall not turn me a hair's breadth from my own convictions as to what my duty as a patriot requires. I will write, speak, act, as I think right, and leave the consequences to God and the country, without thinking of the Presidency!"

"I am truly, your friend,  
HENRY A. WISE."

"GEO. BOOKER, Esq., Hampton, Va."  
—There's temptation for you! Neither nose is out of joint for good, and neither Buchanan nor Dallas can shine in the presence of this Virginia luminary. He will rule them! to the heart's content of his brother slave-breeds and their Northern servitors. Enough said. Make way for Gov. Wise, the Democratic candidate for next President!—*Tribune.*

BARNESVILLE COLLEGE.

BARNESVILLE, Aug. 1855.  
Pursuant to notice published in the "Pittsburgh Christian Advocate," a number of the Trustees of the contemplated College in Barnesville, met in the M. E. Church.

There were present Rev. D. P. Mitchell, Rev. John C. Collier, Rev. J. W. Shiner, Rev. John W. Baker, Mr. J. S. Anderson, Charles Hays, R. E. Frazier, Dr. J. H. Hoyer, Dr. J. T. Mackall, B. Davenport, and W. A. Talbot.

Rev. D. P. MITCHELL was called to the Chair, and W. A. TALBOT, was appointed Secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting, and read the action of the Conference.

Resolved, That the Trustees as named in the published notice of this meeting be confirmed.

Resolved, That the vacancy in the Board occasioned by the death of Judge Davenport, be filled by C. Hays Davenport.

Resolved, That the number of Trustees be increased to fifty.

C. Hays, J. S. Anderson, Rev. J. C. Collier, Dr. J. Hoyer and C. Davenport, were appointed a committee to nominate persons to fill the Board.

The committee reported the following names: N. Hollister, J. A. Davenport, Alexander Franklin, Wm. Hays, M. S. Sargent, Wm. Hays, John Keown, E. G. Morgan, John Warfield, Chester Hubbard, John Welch, Dr. Erling, S. Haler, Philip King, David McIntyre, John Bradfield, Ephraim Williams, Robert Mils, S. P. Wolff, M. W. Dallas, N. C. Worthington, P. S. DeHass, J. McGinnis, M. L. Weekly, and J. D. Knox. Report adopted.

Resolved, That an executive committee of five be appointed. J. W. Baker, J. C. Collier, Dr. J. Hoyer, B. Davenport, and W. A. Talbot, appointed and committed.

Resolved, That any person subscribing five hundred dollars or upwards, by paying the interest annually, may pay the principal at discretion, by securing the same to the Trustees.

Resolved, That the manner of collecting all subscriptions under five hundred dollars, be referred to the executive committee.

Resolved, That J. S. Anderson and C. Hays, be added to the executive committee.

Resolved, That male and female scholars be admitted into the school.

Resolved, That separate subscriptions be taken up for building purposes.

Resolved, That the executive committee be empowered to confer with the present owners of the Academy building in Barnesville, in reference to the purchase of said building, and report to the next meeting of the Board.

Resolved, That Rev. J. C. Collier, Rev. D. P. Mitchell, and J. W. Shiner each address the citizens of this evening, upon the subject of establishing a college at this place.

Resolved, That the institution be called Barnesville College.

Resolved, That we now adjourn until called together by the executive committee. D. P. MITCHELL, Chairman.

W. A. TALBOT, Secretary.

The following is the form of a note for a perpetual scholarship:

For value received, I promise to pay to Mr. Wm. A. Talbot, or order, for the endowment of Barnesville College, \$30, as follows:—\$25, when the Agent of said College shall report \$75,000 secured by notes or subscription, for the perpetual endowment of said College, the other \$5 in one year from that time, with interest. The amount when paid to entitle me, my heirs or assigns to a perpetual scholarship in said College. In witness thereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this day of \_\_\_\_\_

## MR. HENRY A. WISE.

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SEAL.

A meeting for the purpose of procuring subscriptions to the College, will be held in the M. E. Church in this place, (Woodfield) on Monday evening, 26th inst. Several lectures will be delivered.—*Spirit.*

## MILITARY—OHIO WITHOUT GENERAL ORDERS—ORDER OF GOV. MEDILL.

The Statesman of this morning contains an order from Gov. Medill to Quartermaster General S. W. Andrews, communicating the fact that all the military officers in Ohio, above the rank of Captain, that have received their appointments since the adoption of the new Constitution